

augusta knew the dangers of all work. she walked alone in the forest. augusta loved the feel of threaded webs on her face. she laughed at homeless spiders. at logs turned to sawdust under her feet. at branches breaking off in her grip. at the snap. in her poetic moments she imagined a yelp of pain. pinocchio memories. this sunday she discovered a treasure. a pile of white deer bones. eagerly she gathered them up. with creative foresight. brought them home stringing them as a wind chime. that dusk she hung them from her one foot square window. augusta had spent such a refreshing day. a renewing experience. one with nature. after a day of play ready to face monday. with her remarkable courage.

SIMON THE SUPER-REALIST

he didn't whiten his face. didn't wear a black suit. wasn't duck footed. but simon was a mime. a contemporary mime. he didn't believe in tradition. it was old hat. simon didn't bother with any kind of costume. didn't try to create for his audience. didn't bother with illusions. o he'd been to study with the greats. in paris. in england. even spent a time in japan. but it wasn't necessary. simon wanted the greats to teach him what they'd never done. simon was a realist. with new ideas. an innovator. simon was tired of seeing invisible walls. when simon performed his audience didn't know what he was doing. didn't see what he saw. but simon was a realist. he walked about the stage naturally. without style. he didn't care about form. you could say he was a bit clumsy. but no one did. simon's audiences were bored for two hours but they knew it was art. no one was kidding them.

-- Naomi Rachel

North Vancouver, B.C., Canada

A STORY OF LITTLE

A man named Little is obsessed with the miniature.

It all starts with those H-O gauge electric trains. He believes in them.

A village with minikin people and houses is needed, streets with bushes and lawns. Cars and pets, traffic lights and loading ramps, stores with tiny lights inside.

Large millworking hands tenderly carve and arrange the pieces just the size of Little's teeth. His love for the tiny burns like the wind. He quits his job and sleeps beside his miniature land in the cold garage.

One day his wife stands in the doorway like a bomb and threatens to leave him, but he can't hear her now. And one night after she has gone he carves himself a tiny woman and moves her into the vacant apartment beside the tiny railway station.

His miniature village has no little problems with living, no illness, no organs or glands. There are no compromises or pressures to perform. It all stands in this frozen light of yesterday and tomorrow, a perfect stillness never meant to obtrude; until one night Little takes his knife and carves the life out of himself.

-- Larry Smith

Huron OH

SMALL-TIME FINANCIER

last month i sent in checks
for my master charge and bankamericard bills
on monday,

and my paycheck didn't get deposited until friday.

the bills cleared first,
and consequently i ended up in effect
charging my credit card payments
to my credit cards.

when the transfer notices started rolling in,
i felt a little like bert lance.

A COLONIST

We're drinking with the exchange student from England
and a young guy asks her how long she thinks
it will take to anglicize her accent.